

*The Historie of*

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,  
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,  
Discomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,  
The Archbishops Grace of *Yorke*, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,  
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.  
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?  
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my neer'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,  
To fight against me vnder *Percy*'s pay,  
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,  
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

*Prin.* Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,  
And God forgive them, that so much haue swayde  
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:  
I will redeeme all this on *Percy*'s head:  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,  
When I will weare a garment all of blood,  
And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,  
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights  
That this same child of honour and renowne,  
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayed knight,  
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,  
For every honor fitting on his helme,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled. For the time will come  
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange  
His glorious deedes for my indignities,  
*Percy* is but my Factor, good my Lord  
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And

*Henrie the fourth.*

And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory vp,  
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,  
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.  
This in the name of God I promise here,  
The which if he be pleas'd I shall performe.  
I do beseech your Maiesty may salue,  
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this,  
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraigne trust herein.  
How now good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of speed.

*Enter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* So hath the busines that I come to speake of.  
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,  
That *Douglas* and the *Englisb* rebels meet  
The eleuenth of this month, at *Shrewsburie*:  
A mighty and a fearefull head they are;  
(If promises be kept on every hand)  
As quer offered some play in a state.

*King.* The Earle of *Westmerland* set forth to day,  
With him my soone Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,  
For this aduertisement is fide daies old,  
On wednesday next *Harry* thou shalt set forward:  
On Thursday, we our felies will march. Our meeting  
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you shall march  
Through *Glocester-shire*, by which account  
Our busines valued some twelue daies hence:  
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meet.  
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,  
Adantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 3. Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.*

*Fal.* *Bardoll*, am I not falne away vilely since this last action?  
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about  
me like an old Ladies loose gowne: I am withered like an olde  
apple John. Well, ile repent, and that sodanely; while I am in  
some

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